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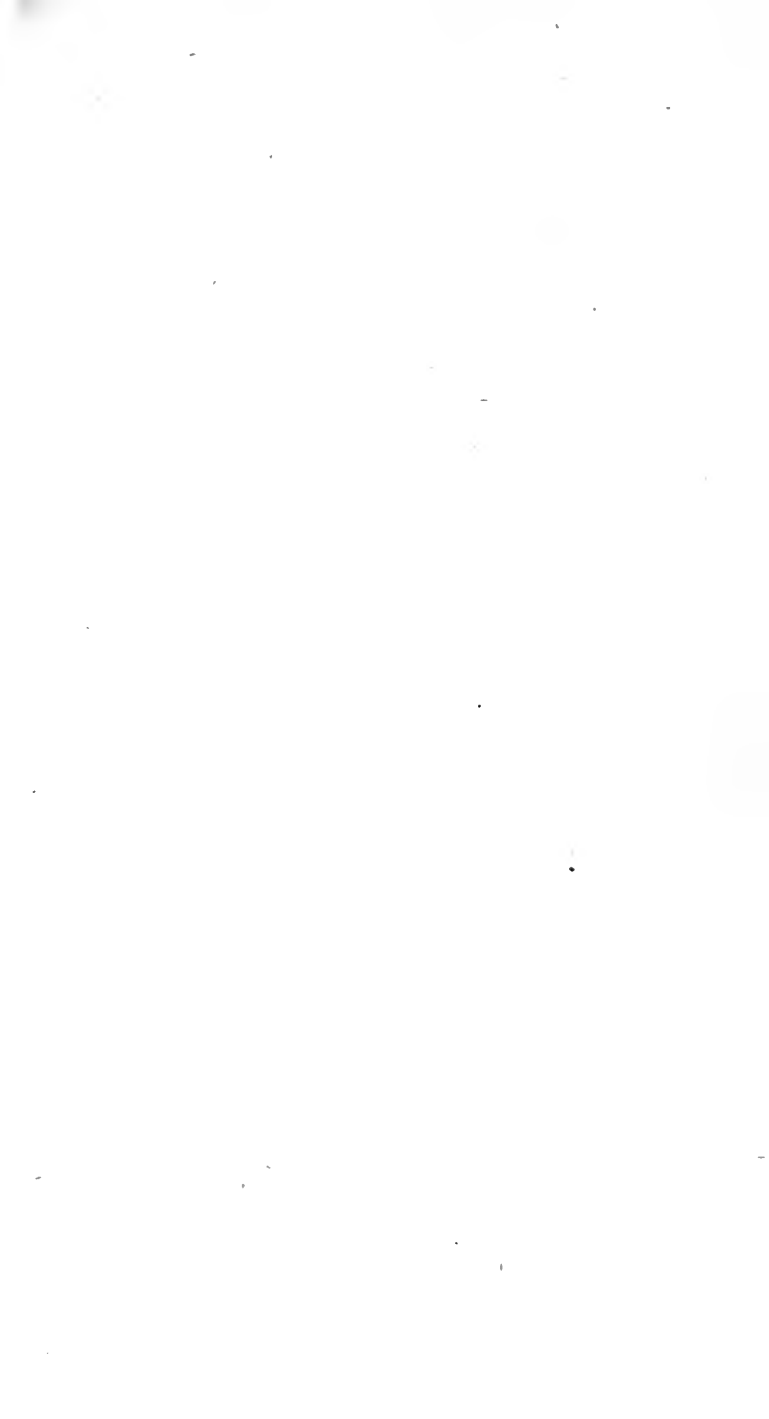
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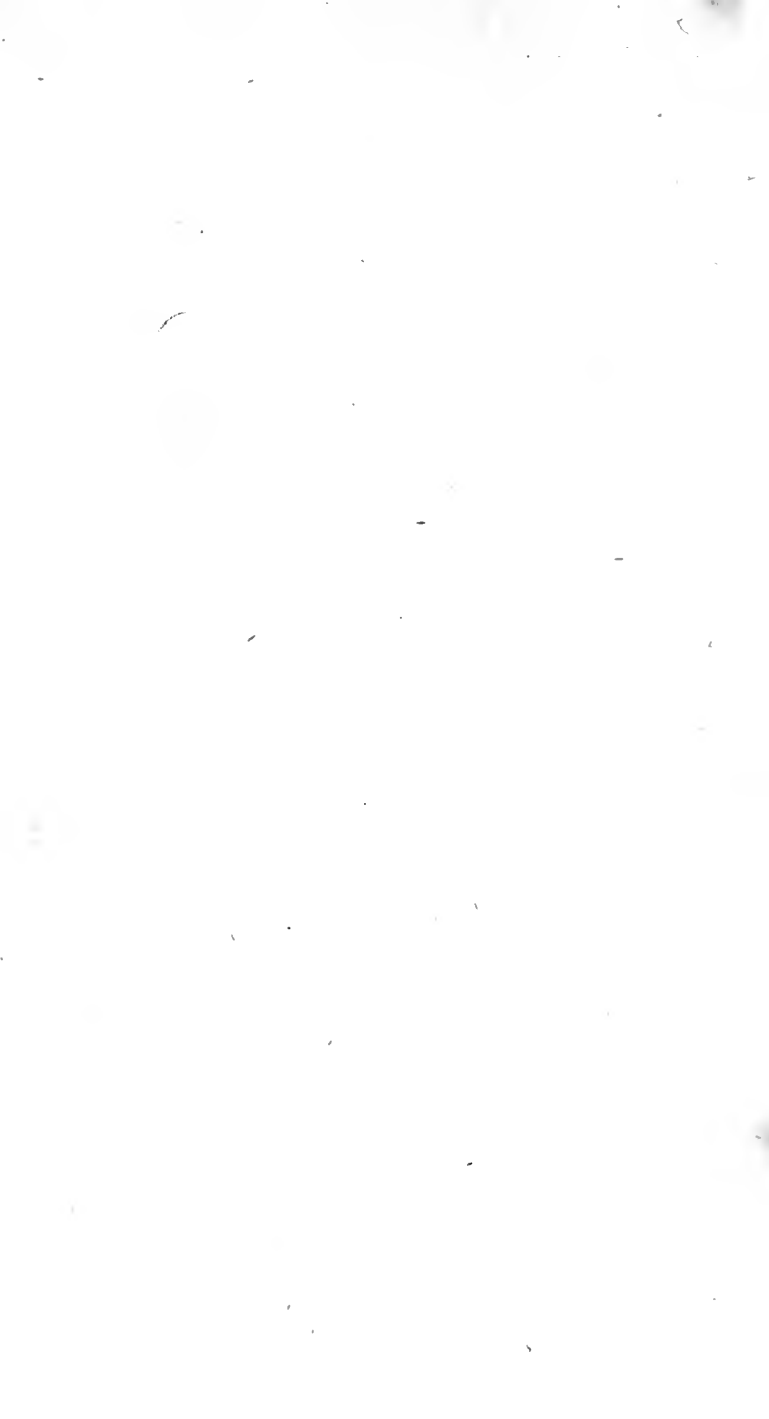
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POEMS,

BY THE LATE

JOHN NESBITT WHITE.

—NON ENIM FLOSCULOS, SED CERTOS ATQUE
DEFORMATOS FRUCTUS OSTENDERAT.

Doncaster:

Printed by W. Sheardown, High-street.

1806.

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1806

JOHN NESBITT WHITE, the lamented author of the following poems, was born at Calcutta, in Bengal, the sixteenth of August, 1788. For his education he was sent, at a very early period, to England, where he arrived in the month of August, 1793. He was at first consigned to the care of his grandfather, J. White, Esq. of Lower Brooke-street, Grosvenor-square, London; but this gentleman dying in July, 1795, the direction of his education next devolved upon his godfather, G. Thompson, Esq. of Penton Lodge, in Hampshire, in whose family he spent his summer vacations till his parents arrived in England, in the year 1801.

IN May, 1794, when scarcely six years of age, he was sent to the school of Dr. Horne, at Chiswick. Under the able tuition of this respectable gentleman he made the most rapid progress in classical learning: The rival exercises of a public seminary operated upon his active mind as continual incentives to studious exertion; while, by the well-timed instructions of a private master,* who attended him at his grandmother's during his winter vacations, in London, he was not only prevented from dissipating the knowledge he had already acquired, but was enabled, by continued perseverance, to make farther advances in learning.—He left Chiswick at Midsummer, 1804. An elegy, addressed to Dr. Horne, fully evinces how properly a grateful pupil had appreciated the advantages of a judicious system of education.

AFTER leaving Dr. Horne, he came to his parents, who then resided at Doncaster. The summer months of this year (1804) he employed in visiting a numerous and respectable circle of acquaintance; on whose minds he left impressions of excellence never to be forgotten.

* Mr. Benson, at that time one of Dr. Horne's assistants,

IN October of this year he was sent to the care of the Rev. R. Evans, of Everton, in Nottinghamshire, with whom he was to have continued for a term of two years in order to have been instructed in the mathematics, natural philosophy, and in those various branches of science, which could not so well be acquired in a public seminary. With his accustomed diligence, and greatly to his own comfort, satisfaction, and improvement, under a preceptor of high literary character, he was now pursuing a very extensive system of education, and which, doubtless, must have proved an excellent preparation for his future studies at Cambridge, when alarming symptoms of indisposition compelled him to desist from his useful labours. He came home on the twenty-second of April, 1805, under a strong conviction, that he laboured under a phthisis pulmonalis. Notwithstanding the assiduous attentions of parental anxiety, and the aid of medical advice, he continued with some intervals of convalescence, to grow weaker; and at length it was thought advisable, that he should pass the approaching winter in a warmer climate. Accompanied by his sorrowing parents, he reached Matlock on the fifth of August, on his way to Bristol, where it was intended he should embark

for the Madeiras, when the sudden rupture of a blood vessel, on the very evening of his arrival, terminated his valuable life. An account of this melancholy event appeared in the Doncaster Paper of the ninth of August, from which the following paragraph is extracted:

“ ON Monday last (fifth of August) died
 “ at Matlock, in Derbyshire, where he had arrived
 “ the same day on his way to Bristol, after an
 “ indisposition of some months, John Nesbitt
 “ White, aged seventeen, the only son of J.
 “ White, Esq. of this place. The very great and
 “ uncommon merit of this amiable youth will
 “ long endear his memory among all his acquaint-
 “ ance. He had a mind enriched with all the
 “ stores of classic learning; on every subject he
 “ discovered a vigour of intellect, and a maturity
 “ of understanding far beyond his years: on sub-
 “ jects of imagination, and polite literature he
 “ displayed a taste accurate, elegant, and refined.
 “ With the highest intellectual accomplishments
 “ he was possessed also of those moral qualifica-
 “ tions which give lustre to talent, and render
 “ science amiable—the most conciliating sweet-
 “ ness of disposition, mild and engaging manners,

“and it may truly be added one of the best of
 “ hearts. Never surely did youth give fairer
 “ promises of future eminence! never did a morn
 “ shine out with brighter lustre! but it has pleased
 “ an over-ruling Providence, that these promises,
 “ and these prospects should all vanish in an early
 “ death.—*O fallacem hominum spem! fragilemque*
 “ *fortunam, et inanes nostras contentiones! quæ*
 “ *in medio spatio sæpe franguntur, et corruunt.*”

His family were not apprized of the transmission of this paragraph, which is ascribed by the editor to a clergyman, who was in the greatest intimacy with him. In that gentleman's regard and friendship, an apology may be found for the following lines,—the effusion of a heart most sincerely and disinterestedly attached.

Thus died prematurely this amiable and accomplished youth; of whom it is but justice to remark, that had he lived he would have proved an ornament to his country, and a blessing to mankind. Already had he given the most indubitable proofs of extraordinary genius and capacity; his diligence in the pursuit of learning was regular and unwearied, and his ardour for information

such as no difficulties could repress, no exertions could subdue. He was thoroughly instructed in all the learning of the ancients; he could read the most difficult Latin and Greek authors with the greatest ease, and facility; and the productions of his pen evince how much he excelled in elegant composition: They discover a genius capable of the sublimest flights; a taste formed upon the most approved models of excellence; and an ear tuned to harmony and poetic numbers. His conversation on every subject was highly entertaining, and instructive, abounding with good sense, lively remark, and just observation. Political questions, in particular, excited in his mind a much greater degree of interest, than they generally do in persons of his early age. On these occasions, and when animated by a favourite topic, he would pour forth his sentiments, always manly and appropriate, in a strain of the most masculine, and harmonious eloquence: His countenance, finely expressive and engaging; the tones of his voice, firm and impassioned; and his utterance, clear and unembarrassed, showed him eminently fitted for oratorical excellence. Among his other amiable qualities should be noticed his just sense of religious obligation: A cultivated understanding prevented him from

adopting enthusiastic, or superstitious notions, an error into which native genius has often fallen; while his own good sense, and correct judgment equally preserved him from the opposite extreme of sceptical unbelief. Notwithstanding his uncommon attainments, his behaviour, on all occasions, was characterized by unassuming modesty and diffidence: He never seemed sensible of his own merits.—In his attachments he was warm and zealous: He had a just sense of filial duty, and a sacred regard to parental authority.—He was fond of active sports and manly amusements, and greatly excelled in all those accomplished arts, and elegant exercises, which form the exterior manners of the gentleman.—In his person he was tall and well shaped; of a graceful address, and an engaging demeanour.

WITH these rare, and uncommon endowments, possessed of the advantages of fortune, on which he little prided himself, and connected by family alliance with many respectable characters, on whose interest, however, he less depended than on individual exertion, he must have attained to distinguished success,—he must have realized the most flattering expectations. But fled, alas! are

all these promises of hope; vanished are these prognostics of greatness; and his early, and premature death must stand recorded as another sad proof of the melancholy truth—that “what is uncommon “is seldom lasting”—and that extraordinary promises in youth, while they fill the parent’s heart with hope and exultation, are but too often the certain harbingers of early dissolution.

DONCASTER, FEBRUARY, 1806.

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Poems.



THE NATIVITY.

JANUARY, 1802.

“ TOLLITE concentum, Solymææ tollite Nymphæ,
“ Nil mortale loquor, cœlum mihi carminis alta
“ Materies, poscunt gravius cœlestia plectrum ;”
Et tu, summe Pater, dignos accende furores,
Qualibus ardebant Isaïæ pectora quondam.
Adventura volat rapidus per sæcula vates
Sic orsus—Qualis rerum mihi nascitur ordo!
Virgo parit, Virgo, et felix radicibus arbos ⁽¹⁾
Jessæis oriens gratos exhalat odores. ⁽²⁾
Nectareos rores alimentaue mitia cœlum ⁽³⁾
Præbeat, et lenti descendant nubibus imbres. ⁽⁴⁾

(1) Isaiah ch. vii. v. 14. (2) Ch. xi. v. 7. (3) Ch. xiv. v. 8. (4) Ch. xi. v. 14.

En! quem turba diu cecinerunt Enthia, vates,
 En Salvator adest, latâ vox fertur eremo.
 Surgite convalles, tumidi subsidite montes,
 Sternite saxa viam, rapidi discedite fluctus:
 Aspice terra Deum! sylvarum gloria Cedrus
 Demissum læté regem inclinata salutet.
 Aspice, jam Lebanon frondosa cacumina tollit, ⁽¹⁾
 Et summo exultant nutantes vertice sylvæ.
 Mittit aromaticas Vallis Saronica nubes,
 Et juga Carmeli recreant fragrantia cœlos.
 Te duce, vanescent priscæ vestigia fraudis,
 Justitiæ tollit manus intemerata bilancem.
 Te duce, speratas pax longé tendet olivas, ⁽²⁾
 Et terras niveo Virtus lucebit amictu.
 Deproperat tellus primas tibi ferre corollas,
 “Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundit acantho.” ⁽³⁾
 Das requiem fessis, miserum solaris et ægrum,
 Et cœli monstras spatiis quibus itur ad arces:
 Pallentes aberunt curæ, tardique dolores;
 Pectora mulcebis, miseros solabere luctus:

(1) Isaiah ch. xxxv. v. 2. (2) Ch. ix. v. 7. (3) Virgil.

Luctantem repriment adamantina vincula mortem; (1)
 Et Dæmon sceptri raptos plorabit honores.
 Lanigeras ut Pastor oves armentaque servat, (2)
 Et scatebras dulces, et pascua læta requirit,
 Amissas modo quærit oves, modo suscipit agnos,
 Et gremio fotis selectas porrigit herbas;
 Sedulo custodit, seu nox furat horrida nimbis,
 Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva;
 Sæcula sic Pastor Princeps ventura beabit, (3)
 Et curas felix patrias testabitur orbis.
 Non magis infestis concurrent agmina signis (4)
 Hostilis oculis flammæ jaculantia torvis:
 Non litui accendent bellum, neque campus ahenis
 Splendescet radiis, neve arva cruore rubescent.
 Vomera quin fient hastæ, quin miles arator,
 Insuper in falcem rigidus curvabitur ensis:
 Atria, pacis opus, surgent, finemque caduci
 Natus ad optatum perducet cæpta parentis. (5)
 Quin proli lentæ textent umbracula vites,
 Qui duxit sulcos, illi teret area messem.

(1) Isaiah ch. xxv. v. 8. (2) Ch. xi. v. 14. (3) Ch. xcv. v. 6. (4) Ch. xii.
 v. 4. (5) Ch. lxxv. v. 21.

Arvaque mirantes cernent inculta coloni ⁽¹⁾
 Gratas ferre rosas, et nudos lilia campos.
 Auribus et capient salientis murmura rivi,
 Arida qua nullos latices modo sensit arena.
 Per saxa, ignivomi nuper spelæa draconis,
 Afflatu Zephyri fluvialis arundo tremescet ;
 Qua modo spina fuit, rigidus firmabitur ilex.
 Aspera quin cedent palmæ dumeta virenti,
 Quinetiam gratæ cedent mala gramina myrto.
 Consociata lupo pratis lasciviet agna, ⁽²⁾
 Cumque leone petet tutus præsepe juvencus.
 Florea mansuetæ petulantes vincula tigri ⁽³⁾
 Conjicient pueri ; varii quin fessa dracones
 Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ.
 Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale minantes
 Tractabit palmis infans, motusque trisulcæ
 Innocuos ridens linguæ, squamasque virentes
 Aureaque aspiciet rutilantis fulgura cristæ.

SALEM tolle caput, circum quam Gloria pennas ⁽⁴⁾
 Explicat, accingens radiatæ luce tiaræ !
 Aspice ! pulchra tibi porrecta per atria proles ⁽⁵⁾

(1) Isaiah ch. xxxv. v. 7. (2) Ch. xi. v. 6. (3) Ch. lxv. v. xxv. (4) Ch. lx.
 v. 1. (5) Ch. ix. v. 4.

Ordinibus surgit densis ; vitamque requirit,
 Acriter et lenté labentes increpat annos.
 Aspice ! alienis fervent tua limina turbis, (1)
 Et fumant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ.
 Aspice ! barbaricæ venerantur numina gentes,
 Et patulæ sedes onerantur thure Sabæo. (2)
 Aspice ! fæcundæ tibi balsama sudat Idumæ,
 Fervet Ophyræis natum tibi montibus aurum.
 Non magis æquoreis Titan assurget ab undis,
 Non magis ardenti splendescet Cynthia vultu : (3)
 Quin tua lux fiet Dominus, quin gloria Summi
 Accinget sedes laté diffusa beatas.
 Littora deficiens arentia deseret æquor ; (4)
 Sidera fumabunt diro labefacta tremore ; (5)
 Saxa cadent, solidi solventur robora montis ;
 Tu vero ardentem in tenues exire vapores
 Ætheream cœli compagem, immota videbis
 Juraque, subverti solidæ fundamina terræ.

(1) Isaiah ch. ix. v. 3. (2) Ch. iv. v. 15, 20. (3) Ch. ix. v. 6. (4) Ch. li.
 v. 6. (5) Ch. lvi. v. 10.

NOTE.—This Vacation Exercise was finished in two mornings in January, 1802. At that time it was suggested to him, that his parents would be gratified if he would occasionally turn his thoughts to English poetry. The following pieces show how readily he attended to the intimation.

HÆC AD SCOLAM REDITURUS SCRIPSIT.

A FRAGMENT.

FEBRUARY, 1802.

THE morn arrives with anxious pace,
We tread the well known way;
While grief and pain o'erspread each face,
We dread to go, nor dare to stay.

When Cynthia comes, gay Queen of Night,
Our homes no more appear in view,
In vain we from some mountain's height
Take a last look, and bid adieu.

AN EXHORTATION TO THE SWISS.

NOVEMBER, 1802.

HELVETIA hail ! exert thy wonted powers,
By force of arms defend thy ancient towers ;
Tho' Gallia's host thy fertile land invades,
Tho' mighty armies tread thy verdant glades,
And o'er thy mountains dreadful carnage spread,
Numb'ring thy bravest subjects with the dead—
From foreign foes thy ancient rights protect ;
Maintain thy country's liberty ! reflect !
For these of old, thy father's scorned to yield
To Roman prowess, in the hostile field ;
For these, thy TELL, despised base Gresler's pride,
And all his arts of cruelty defied—
Resolved his native freedom, and his laws
To save, or perish in so dear a cause.

Will ye their sons to servile yokes succeed?

Will ye submit to Gallia's upstart breed?

Shall all their toils, their efforts, and their pain,

Shall all their blood for you be spent in vain?

No! Let each true Helvetian rather cry,

We'll bravely conquer, or we'll nobly die.

Odes,

Ec.



SPRING.

 MAY, 1803.

NO more does winter's ruffian blast
 Resound along the desert plain;
 No more the howling tempests cast
 A gloom o'er all the feather'd train!

Nor now does hoary frost o'erspread
 The tow'ring hill, or lowly vale;
 No more the playful lambkins dread
 The falling snows or beating hail!

These now dissolv'd by solar rays,
 No more their custom'd influence boast;
 To these succeed the verdant sprays,
 And zephyr breathes thro' ev'ry coast!

Where'er with wand'ring steps I rove,
 Surrounding nature all is gay;
 Soft music warbles thro' the grove,
 And sprightly linnets tune their lay!

While thus in all her charms display'd,
 Sweet smiling spring adorns the vale,
 And flow'rs in gayest vest array'd,
 Fresh perfume give to ev'ry gale.

Let me the varied landscape view;
 The great Creator's work admire;
 Remark their form, their diff'rent hue,
 The blushing rose, the thorny briar.

Or to the shady dell retire,
 Where woodland tribes their concerts raise;
 There joyful wake the trembling lyre;
 There joyful hymn my maker's praise!

SUMMER.

MAY, 1803.

COME thou! all-glorious King of day!
Refulgent summer now appear;
Soon earth and skies shall own thy sway,
Thy touch revive the vernal year.

To thee shall all the woodland choir
Melodious sing from ev'ry spray;
Their joy shall thy approach inspire,
And rouse their wild—untutor'd lay!

The glowing rose, the flow'ry plain,
The rising blade, the fragrant dell,
Shall gladly hail thy sultry reign,
And quickly to perfection swell!

Soon at the viol's festive sound,
 Midst smiling Flora's jocund train,
 Shall gaily tread the daisied ground,
 The sprightly nymph, and village swain!

E'en they whose brows o'erspread with snow,
 Declare the pride of youth is o'er;
 Shall feel their breasts with vigour glow,
 And tell the scenes they lov'd before.

How oft have we by fancy fir'd,
 In all our gayest vestments drest;
 Renew'd the dance, the chace admir'd,
 How oft have these our footsteps prest.

How oft we skimm'd th' impetuous tide,
 How oft repell'd th' opposing waves,
 While rival zeal, and youthful pride,
 Each bosom swells, each danger braves.

Farewel ye groves, and scented bow'rs!
 Alas! our pristine fires decay;
 Soon feeble man like vernal flow'rs
 Must yield to time's resistless sway!

To these may younger swains succeed,
In florid prime their mirth prolong;
Court harmless pleasure, tune the reed,
While ev'ry vale repeats the song!

Come then all-glorious King of day!
May summer's sun the hours beguile!
Ah! drive that fiend despair away,
And on our rustic labours smile!

AUTUMN.

JUNE, 1803.

THE summer's past; the circling year
Now yields to autumn's golden reign;
Pomona's treasures ripe appear,
And yellow harvests deck the plain.

The perfect blade, the sky serene,
The purple vine's luxurious prize,
Indulgent paint the rural scene,
And bid the peasant's joy arise.

When Sol, as dusky night retires,
Unfolds to view the spreading day,
Each mountain gilds, each vale inspires,
With his all-piercing brilliant ray.

His cot the swain exulting leaves,
 And gaily plies the rustic toil;
 Some reap the corn, some swell the sheaves,
 And gladly hail the well-earn'd spoil!

The fleecy tribe, the babling rill,
 The flutt'ring lark salute the morn;
 Glad echo floats from hill to hill,
 And cheerful winds the mellow horn.

Sly reynard hears the fatal sound,
 Through forest, wood, and dale he flies;
 In vain—the dogs soon press around,
 And soon the midnight murd'rer dies!

Alas! these festive joys must fade,
 And winter's chilling gloom succeed;
 The northern blast shall strip the glade,
 The shepherd lay aside the reed.

Seize then! O seize the transient hour,
 Believe the snow of age is nigh;
 Improve each moment in thy pow'r,
 Nor for the future heave a sigh!

WINTER.

JUNE, 1803.

ALAS! stern winter's ruffian train,
Clouds, winds, and vapours now appear!
And rouse the poet's humble strain
To sing the changes of the year!

Where'er with pensive steps I rove,
Forbidding prospects round me rise,
No music cheers the leafless grove,
And dead the whole creation lies.

Where late along the lowly vale,
The blushing rose its lustre shed;
And zephyrs balmy breathing gale
The vines luxurious blossom spread.

Now desolation hovers round,
 The forest's verdant honours fail ;
 Black whirlwinds sweep the desert ground,
 And frequent beats the stormy hail !

The headlong floods their banks o'erflow,
 Impetuous rushing to the plain ;
 And in their fury overthrow
 The flock, the cottage, and the swain,

Where late along the osier'd glade,
 Philomel tun'd her plaintive lay ;
 Where perfect swell'd the wheaten blade,
 And nymphs adorn'd the shrine of May.

Her fate, the timid songster flies,
 Throughout a mournful silence reigns ;
 Now tempests roar and frowning skies,
 Crush drooping nature's wide domains !

The robin now familiar grows,
 And chides—and chirps her keen distress ;
 And hops—and looks, 'while beauty throws
 The grateful crumb—the guest to bless.

The wood-quest wild, and gentle dove,
 No longer bill—no longer coo;
 Nor swell their little souls to love;
 They cease to love—they cease to woo.

They meet their doom, and victims fall;
 No more to climb the fav'rite bough;
 E'en man himself, the Lord of all,
 Vain man we see desponding now.

Though storm on storm thro' ether flies,
 And vapours dim the varied year;
 Though vegetation prostrate lies,
 And death in ev'ry shape is near:

Cease! Charlotte, cease! with anxious care,
 To range the forest—hope awhile,
 For, soon the rose, and lily fair,
 Shall bloom again—and round you smile!

Soon ev'ry vale with joy shall ring,
 New forms, new beauties rise to view;
 Soon nature hail th' approach of spring,
 And bid the winter's gloom adieu.

TO BONAPARTE.

JUNE, 1803.

DESPOTIC tyrant, dread a fall,
Dread the near approach of fate;
Jehovah's arm, avenging all,
Shall hurl thee from the throne of state !
Though awhile of grief the sound
Be in festive triumph drown'd ;
Fawning minions wait thy nod,
Kneel before th' oppressive rod ;
Slaves unwilling homage pay,
Now abandon, now betray :
France detests the Corsic's reign,
Indignant views the captive chain,
From exile sighs her Monarch to restore,
And drive th' usurper to his native shore.

Perturbed spirit, ne'er at rest,
 No joy thy frantic bosom knows;
 No placid slumbers sooth the breast,
 Exulting at another's woes.

Hark! to war the clarions sound
 O'er the widely-tented ground;
 Hark! the distant thunders roll,
 Lightnings rend the nether pole;
 Fell destruction on the wing,
 Does thro' ev'ry valley ring;
 "Now, Ambition, seize the lance,
 "Death in ev'ry shape advance,
 "Till vanquish'd England to my arms give way,
 "And Europe yield to Gallia's boundless sway!"

No! aspiring upstart, no!
 Never will she yield to thee!
 Still our breasts with ardour glow,
 Still she's mistress of the sea!
 Fame and virtue still combine,
 On us to shed a ray divine;
 While you court the kindred gloom,
 Trembling at impending doom,

Murder'd phantoms sudden rise,
Guilt aloud for vengeance cries;
And to fancy's watchful eye
Crested furies ever nigh;
With ev'ry sting that haunts the villain's mind,
Surround the Corsic scourge of human kind!

BRITANNICUS ERGA TE INFESTISSIMUS.

AN ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

WRITTEN ON THE LATE COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES
WITH FRANCE.

JUNE, 1803.

ROUSE! Britons rouse! defend this favour'd isle,
Where trade and commerce nurs'd by freedom smile!
Where sacred justice rears aloft her scale,
And golden plenty shines thro' ev'ry vale!
Lo! Gallia thirsting for despotic sway,
With hostile legions bends her rapid way;
Lo! Corsic's upstart leads them on to fight,
Their valour urges, and expects your flight!
Though vassal Prussia tremble at his nod;
Though prostrate Spain proclaim him as a God;
Though subject Holland is afraid to rise,
And for its freedom make one sacrifice;

Will ye, my Britons, crouch like one of these?
 Will ye resign the empire of the seas?
 Your glory lost, to foreign foes give way,
 Their yoke receive, their stern commands obey?
 To save their rights, your fathers scorn'd to yield
 To Roman prowess in the hostile field!
 For these your Alfred Guthrum's camp survey'd,
 Before the chieftain as an harper play'd,
 To learn the force, the weakest part descry,
 Then with his army made th' invader fly!
 For these your Harold scorn'd the Norman's pride,
 Oppos'd his claim, his utmost strength defied;
 Resolv'd his native freedom and his laws
 To save, or perish in so dear a cause—
 Let Gallia pause, and Agincourt explore,
 The soil still smoking with her people's gore;
 Let Gallia pause—and shudder at the view,
 Nor madly tempt what British youth can do!
 Can France forget the deeds of Cressy's plain,
 Her legions routed, and her people slain;
 Can France forget before that fatal hour,
 How oft has Britain sunk her naval pow'r!

Still round this isle Victoria's banner flies ;
 Her foes are vanquish'd—her oppressor dies !
 When haughty Spain, by Greg'ry's voice inspir'd,
 With boundless hope, and lust of conquest fir'd ;
 In all her pride o'erspread the azure main,
 To crush Britannia, and usurp her reign :
 Did Albion yield to base inglorious fear ?
 Did Britons tremble as the foe drew near ?
 Unmov'd their fleet your noble Howard saw,
 Nor might, nor numbers could the hero awe !
 Soon o'er their force the British thunder broke,
 When hurl'd with vengeance by the hearts of oak !
 A few, by chance, surviv'd the gen'ral doom,
 To bear the tidings of destruction home.
 Will ye their sons to servile yokes succeed ?
 Will ye submit to Gallia's upstart breed ?
 Will ye unmov'd behold your King o'erthrown,
 Your cities desert, and your fields unsown ?
 Will ye with patience view your country spoil'd,
 Your children captive, and your homes defil'd—
 Your glory lost, extensive trade decay ;
 And all ye have to Gallia's arms a prey ?

Will ye, degen'rate, from her legions fly,
Nor make one struggle for your liberty?
Is there a Briton so devoid of shame,
So lost to honour, and a Briton's name?
Is there a coward to resign the field,
And all that's dear to Europe's plund'ers yield?
No! Britons no! your souls are still the same,
As great, as noble, as resolv'd on fame;
As proud, exalted, glorious, and as free,
As those who bravely fell for liberty!
Come if they dare; where'er their legions rove,
Shall this same voice resound through ev'ry grove!
Rise, comrades! rise, all ye who feel a zeal,
For England's honour, and your country's weal!
To faith a stranger, and to peace a foe,
Lo! restless France now meditates the blow!
Though ev'ry vale, with dreadful carnage smoke,
Ne'er bow your necks beneath her servile yoke!
Rise! for your freedom, ev'ry danger brave,
Your King, your laws, your rights, and country save;
Your children rescue from fell Gallia's ire,
Or midst Britannia's gen'ral fall expire.

TRANSLATION OF A CHORUS IN SOPHOCLES.

 JULY, 1803.

STROPHE FIRST.

HAIL! Bacchus hail! to Cadmus race allied;
 The thund'rer's offspring, and Thyone's pride,
 Italia's guardian, Eleusinia's joy,
 Of Thebes protector, hail, celestial boy;
 The Dragon's dwelling, and Ismene's flood,
 Demand th' assistance of their fav'rite God!

ANTISTROPHE FIRST.

On those fam'd mountains clouds of smoke arise
 From slaughter'd victims, and ascend the skies;
 Corycian nymphs inspir'd with holy rage,
 In sacred orgies Bacchus here engage.
 On Nysian hills, of old with ivy crown'd,
 In pastures fertile, and for vines renown'd,

Thy name extol in never-dying lays,
And ev'ry grove resounds with Bacchus praise.

STROPHE SECOND.

Thy Thebes, of dire calamity afraid,
Illustrious Bacchus, now implores thy aid;
O'er her extend a parent's watchful care,
Nor leave thy people victims of despair;
Propitious deign from fam'd Eubæa's shore
To view those scenes, to all prefer'd before.

ANTISTROPHE SECOND.

Come! Bacchus, come! resplendent source of light,
The brightest radiance that adorns the night;
The thund'rer's offspring, come in all thy pride,
With frantic Thyads serving by thy side;
Who during Cynthia's mild majestic-reign,
Recite thy praises in unceasing strain.

NOTE 1ST.—This is the last chorus of *Antigone*, wherein a company of boys and girls are introduced, imploring the assistance of Bacchus the tutelar deity of Thebes, now very much distressed at an ambiguous prophecy of Tiresias their soothsayer.

NOTE 2D.—As each had their respective part allotted them, and these chorusses were always accompanied with music and dancing, the strophe is the time allowed for the one to dance down, and the antistrophe for the other to return.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO DR. HORNE.

JULY, 1803.

AT length is come the long expected day,
For which I often heav'd the wishful sigh;
Creation smiles beneath the genial ray,
Hark! Hark! the moment of departure's nigh!

Shall not the Muse awake the golden lyre,
With trembling fingers all her graces blend;
In grateful accents to the hoary sire,
Her earliest patron, her approved friend!

Shall not the Muse this well-meant homage pay,
Present this tribute at his hallow'd shrine;
For him exulting tune the Dorian lay;
For him exulting pen th' harmonious line!

Thine was the task to rear my tender mind,
 To bid the heart with gen'rous purpose glow;
 Thyself deep-learned, virtuous, and kind,
 And ever melting at another's woe!

Oft hast thou mark'd the fam'd Athenian sage,
 The faithful guardian of the Grecian youth,
 Who fell a victim to the people's rage,
 A willing victim at the fane of truth!

Despairing TULLY, oft hast thou pourtray'd,
 In vain awaiting the return of peace;
 Rome's better founder, sacred Numa laid
 With fair Egeria in the lap of ease.

Nor least of all Leonidas admir'd,
 So nobly yielding to his country's laws;
 And Agis oft, with equal zeal inspir'd,
 To perish bravely in his Sparta's cause.

But how profoundly skilled in sacred lore,
 Where gospel truth in garb attractive drest;
 Her vot'ry leads thro' paths unknown before,
 To endless glory, and eternal rest.

Ungrateful man! ethereal mildness view,
 A Saviour yielding to the sting of death;
 Each pang endure, the cross itself for you;
 His foes forgiving with his latest breath.

View him awhile desert the realms of day,
 Quit the blest regions of celestial light,
 On you to shed his ever cheering ray,
 From you to drive the gloomy clouds of night!

Persuasive while your manners did engage,
 Such were the precepts that you would instill;
 'Twas thus you rear'd the buds of tender age,
 Matur'd and foster'd with parental skill!

Such care as this the Muse can ne'er repay,
 Such care as this shall swell her humble song;
 Thy genuine worth shall rouse her grateful lay,
 Where Humber rolls his rapid stream along!

There oft, retir'd beneath the yew-tree's shade,
 Or spreading elm her thoughts return on you;
 Or on the bed of pallid sickness laid,
 Recite thy praises—for awhile adieu.

THE INVITATION.

AUGUST, 1803.

WHILE other men their vacant hours employ
In lively mirth and ever soothing joy;
Or crowd the dome to hear an ASHE inspire
With pleasing melody, the golden lyre;
While blooming nymphs in amaranthine bow'rs,
Tread the gay dance, or wreath the choicest flow'rs;
Will you, my parent, pleasure's call refuse,
Deaf to the pleading of an infant muse?
Tho' rigid stoics with insulting pride,
The simple aims of innocence deride.
Ah! leave awhile perplexing cares of state,
The Gallic tyrant, and Britannia's hate;
Let livelier scenes diffuse their genial ray,
And festive music crown the present day!

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO MISS B——.

 AUGUST, 1803.

WHILE others wander thro' the Aonian grove,
 And sing the beauties of a foreign strand ;
 Be mine the task, tho' B——'s mead to rove,
 And hail the genius of my native land!

Instruction here, in modest garb array'd,
 The mind with pleasing eloquence beguiles,
 While the fair maid in all her charms display'd,
 Attentive listens, and approving smiles.

When fancy paints the practices of yore,
 The thirst of knowledge does the soul inspire ;
 The paths of varied science to explore,
 To pen the line, or tune the harmonious lyre!

Well pleas'd to wander o'er th' historic page,
 Unchang'd, unalter'd by the lapse of years ;
 Where, in th' instructive annals of the age,
 Lucretia's native elegance appears !

To view the maid in conscious virtue bold,
 The utmost malice of a King defy ;
 Spurn the base offers of subduing gold,
 And for her honour nobly dare to die !

To see the nymphs their choicest garlands wreath,
 The yew and elm their spreading boughs entwine ;
 And balmy gales of gentle zephyrs breathe
 Around the chaste Virginia's hallow'd shrine !

To shun the fate of Niobæan pride,
 Nor like the Queen a murder'd race to mourn ;
 Whose silent grief the vengeful Gods deride,
 A hapless outcast, and a wretch forlorn !

To melt with pity at a Mary's woes,
 Swift as a dream whose airy hopes are fled !
 In vain her breast with dire ambition glows,
 Soon Scotia's Princess numbers with the dead !

A B—— oft amidst the youthful choir,
 With nobler aims inspires the genial soul;
 Her pupil bids to brighter realms aspire,
 And holds the list'ning passions in controul!

The British fair here oft at ev'ning hours,
 In lively mirth the vacant time employ;
 Or tread the dance in amaranthine bow'rs,
 While echo rings with frequent shouts of joy!

Let others toil to gain the sordid ore!
 These happy daughters to their fate resign;
 Possess'd of virtue! never wish for more,
 And spurn the wealth of fam'd Potosi's mine!

No love of grandeur, or ambitious aims,
 The peaceful regions of content invade;
 O'er the gay scene no factious discord reigns,
 Or blasts the verdure of the olive's shade!

Here tho' the roof devoid of pomp arise,
 Nor tempt the proud to quit his destin'd way!
 No flow'ry vallies glitter in disguise,
 Or glaring splendor sheds its baneful ray.

The Muses here with ivy garlands crown'd,
The Graces here with meek-ey'd virtue live!
Here rosy health and happiness are found,
With ev'ry joy that innocence can give!

A FAREWELL
TO THE PEOPLE OF YORKSHIRE.

SEPTEMBER, 1803.

WHEN Phœbus sinking to the western main,
On earth no more a splendid radiance shed;
And sober ev'ning's un auspicious reign,
Thro' the wide air a shadowing mantle spread!

Still was the night, and hush'd the scene around,
As thro' the vale I bent my pensive way;
No cheering music warbled o'er the ground,
No sprightly songsters tun'd their vocal lay.

Me-thought some spirit in the passing gale,
With such like accents whisper'd to my ear;
As Cynthia rising o'er the varied dale,
Brought each surrounding, much-lov'd object near!

“ Mark where the landscape fades before the view,
 “ And Hatfield, Thorne, or Con’sbro’s turrets rise;
 “ Soon must you bid these youthful scenes adieu;
 “ These youthful scenes no longer meet your eyes.

“ At Adwick oft, the verge of yonder plain,
 “ In mirth was spent the swift revolving day;
 “ At Woodlands oft, attun’d to sprightly strain,
 “ Devouring time roll’d unperceiv’d away!

“ A greater triumph, nor could Marlbro’ boast,
 “ In Blenheim’s mead, when frantic Gallia fled;
 “ As when the partridge from the feather’d host,
 “ Mark’d out by thee, fell numb’ring with the dead.

“ To Ward, in Hutton’s shady bow’r reclin’d,
 “ For this, the rural game, thy thanks are due;
 “ The friend, the lib’ral patron of mankind,
 “ Supremely friendly, and benign to you.

“ Still might the Muse a thousand more proclaim,
 “ That dwell beside the Don’s meand’ring stream;
 “ Their names unrivall’d on the list of fame,
 “ Were well the subject of a glorious theme!”

Yes! yes, my friends! to you belongs the lay!

To you this song a grateful spirit gives;
Accept the tribute; all the Muse can pay;

Sincere the tribute tho' but short it lives.

For virtue, zeal, domestic worth renown'd,

May buxom health be yours of roseate hue;
By deathless bays of blooming laurel crown'd,
The prize of merit;—friends awhile adieu.

THE GRANGE.

 SEPTEMBER, 1803.

THE Grange I sing, where nature's bounteous hand
 Her varied beauties in profusion throws
 O'er the wide prospect, yet supremely fine !
 And thou ! Calliope, of th' Aonian choir
 The fairest daughter ! leave the silent vale
 Of fruitful Tempe, where a whisp'ring breeze
 Scarce fans the surface of Thessalian streams ;
 And in the haunts of modern Arcady,
 With just description, energy divine,
 And manly thought inspire the glorious theme !

Far to the north, of many a pleasure calm
 The lov'd retreat, th' abode of innocence,
 The Grange appears ; with happy art combin'd
 The lofty forest, the romantic dell,

The lonely grot, the flow'r enamell'd lawn,
 The shady grove, beneath whose spreading boughs
 From each surrounding spray the woodland choir
 Melodious tune their wild untutor'd notes;
 The lucid rills, that thro' th' embroider'd vale
 Meand'ring flow, or rushing down the steep,
 Add to the music of the vocal train,
 And craggy rocks adorn the rural scene!

Oft, when at ev'ning with fatigue opprest,
 The weary songsters hail all soothing sleep;
 Philomel, sweetest warbler of the grove,
 Alone, unpitied, to the list'ning gale
 Her plaintive tale unfolds; meanwhile the moon,
 Full orb'd, appearing o'er the scatter'd clouds,
 Turns her pale visage to the glowing west;
 In meditation to the rustic cave,
 With hoary moss, and sacred ivy crown'd,
 Plac'd at the summit of a lonely dell
 Direct your course; the solemn gloom around,
 The awful silence, and the dark'ning shades,
 Call forth the mind in airy vision wrapt
 To heav'nly musing: here at close of day,
 As I retiring from the haunts of men,

Thought on all-bounteous nature's varied works,
 Admir'd her wonders, and her sweets enjoy'd;
 Some sylvan God, on whose resplendent brow
 Ethereal mildness shone, his air divine,
 Benign his aspect to th' enraptur'd gaze,
 With voice seraphic struck the list'ning ear;
 "Stranger (he said) if or by fancy led,
 When sober night has veil'd the scene around,
 Amid the forest's dim recess, you stray,
 Or, lost in mazes of a lonely wood,
 Unknowing wander thro' the sacred haunts
 Of playful dryads, and the solemn grove
 Where they right glad their midnight orgies keep,
 Far from the busy hum of restless men,
 The noise of folly, and the aims of vice;
 "Fear not;" 'tis I o'er Effingham's domain
 Presiding, scatter on th' unequal lawns
 A living verdure; and at my command
 The tulip blossoms, and the rose displays
 Her varied charms; by my directing hand
 The hardy stone and craggy rocks give way
 To softer creepers; o'er whose shaggy sides,

The slender woodbine, and the wild thyme glow
 In all their pride, while each luxurious herb,
 And useful plant that Indian isles can boast,
 Whose beauteous foliage in th' uncertain clime
 Of England, shrink before the sudden blast;
 By glass protected from the cutting gale
 Of ruffian winter, till the blazing sun
 Once more thro' ether darts his orient beams;
 And ev'ry field, by blooming spring array'd,
 Puts forth its honours to the sighing breeze:
 No more confin'd within the green-house walls,
 These shed their lavish fragrance in the air,
 Or add new beauties, where empurpled show'rs
 Of rising blossoms thro' the vale appear!"
 But hark! the owner of the blest Abode
 No less renown'd than that Elysium,
 In days of yore, immortal poets sung;
 Where the eye tires not, and a purer air
 Lulls the way-wearied traveller to rest;
 Where sullen sorrow, heart-corroding grief
 No entrance find, and o'er the lovely scene
 The spirit roves with exquisite delight,
 Hither draws near; now by the dropping well

In mute attention bends her rapid way ;
 Now wond'ring views the foam-besilver'd stream,
 Collected all in one impetuous flood
 Like torrents bursting down the vast abyss ;
 From slope to slope in circling eddies tost
 By broken fragments, and the shatter'd trunks
 Of British oak ; now, with a lessen'd roar
 And gentler undulation, steals away
 Along the winding solitary vale !
 Hark ! nearer still the fleeting sounds advance,
 The bard inviting from the glorious theme
 The prospect wild, irregularly great—
 To hear the converse of the British fair,
 Engaging, lively, sensible, and good,
 Where virtue glows without forbidding pride !
 Such Howard is :—Nor shall the heedless bard
 In sullen silence pass the beauteous maid
 Blooming in all the elegance of youth ;
 If gentle manners, female tenderness,
 Each winning grace and care-eluding art
 Have in them aught to praise or to admire,
 Thy Dashwood surely well deserves our praise !

PHILO-EFFINGHAM.

AN ODE
FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

DECEMBER, 1803.

JOYFUL strike the golden lyre!

Gladly sweep the sounding string;
And amidst the tuneful choir,

To God the early incense bring:

Hark the numbers soft and clear

Gently steal upon the ear;

Now seraphic notes arise

The choral music of the skies;

A glad'ning voice, all-drooping nature cheers,

Disperse ye glooms; the Son of God appears!

Messiah reigns; to him the pow'r is given

From earthly joys to raise the soul to heav'n!

Rejoice! rejoice! imperial Bethlem rise,

To thy abode the Son of God descends,

(The wish'd Messiah) from the bending skies,
And o'er thy realm the vital light extends;

Anger, wrath, and fierce disdain

Fly from virtue's milder reign;

Humility adorns his side,

Sweet innocence to her allied;

Superstition raves no more,

The storms of Boreas cease to roar:

To vernal suns so wint'ry tempests yield,

To flow'ry fragrance, the deserted field!

Revenge no more, or deadly hate,

Or fell despair torment the mind;

Around no fiends of fury wait,

The plague, the scourge of human kind:

No more the brazen trumpet's breath,

Inflated with the cry of death,

Gives rise to ev'ry woe;

Nor at the martial din of arms,

Or resounding wars alarms,

Need tears of pity flow:

Fairer prospects on the wing

Shed their genial ray;

From whom all earthly blessings spring,

Messiah's born to-day!

Bright-ey'd hope, and heav'nly love
Pointing to the realms above,
 (Consolatory pow'rs,)
Each anxious thought, each care beguile,
Diffuse on ev'ry face a smile,
 And grace the present hours;
While echo, sporting in the vocal dales,
Resounds, "Messiah comes; the Prince of Peace
 [prevails."

STANZAS TO A YOUNG LADY.

JANUARY, 1804.

HARK! hark! symphonious viols sound,
O'er the flower enamell'd ground,
 The minstrels sweetly play;
Disporting pleasure on the green,
And cheerfulness of sprightly mien,
 Exulting lead the way.

While thus the gay, triumphant fair,
Disperse the gloomy shades of care,
 And Maia's pleasing train;
Soft zephyrs breathe, and vernal hours
Perfuming ev'ry path with flow'rs,
 Resume their custom'd reign.

Still each with anxious step surveys
 And asks, as each her hand displays,
 Will you —— fly?
 Their's is the voice, devoid of art,
 The genuine impulse of the heart,
 The language of the eye.

When festive mirth the time beguiles,
 When youth, and fairest beauty smiles
 With all-refulgent beam;
 The dance in quick succession flows,
 To blunt the keenest edge of woes,
 By Don's meand'ring stream.

When from the dew-besprinkled spray
 The feather'd tribe's melodious lay,
 Makes the wide forest ring;
 And Philomela pours her throat
 " Responsive to the Cuckoo's note,"
 The harbinger of spring;

When, to dispel the winter's gloom,
 The peach, and Hyacinth's perfume,
 In blossom'd lustre shine;
 The tulips flourish, and the rose,
 In vernal pride the myrtle grows,
 The fav'rite of the Nine.

Will you desert the genial ray,
 And pass the fleeting hours away,
 Midst busy scenes of care;
 Where vapours dank pollute the ground,
 And fell destruction hovers round,
 And comfortless despair?

Shall not the foam-besilver'd rill,
 The welcome smile, the vocal hill,
 Thy swift departure stay?
 Alas! when parents ask for aid,
 And filial ties the breast invade,
 — must obey!

May health her roseate wreath renew,
And those that now exclaim "adieu,"
That now thy absence mourn;
With spirits light as ether hail,
Repeated by the passing gale,
——'s quick return.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO THE SAME.

WITH A BOOK OF MY COMPOSITIONS.

 JANUARY, 1804.

WHEN Pindar's Muse, on Pisa's hallow'd strand,
 With bays immortal crowns a Hiero's brow ;
 And Maro tunes for Rome's admiring land
 The lay descriptive of the Trojan woe.

Shouts raised on shouts by Tiber's sea-beat shore,
 (The votive incense of the people) rise ;
 Crouds following crouds their mixt applauses pour,
 Applause re-echoed by the vaulted skies.

Not so the youth that, trembling sweeps the lyre,
 Hopes the wide taste of ev'ry age to please ;
 Content, the meanest of th' Aonian choir,
 To sing the murmurs of the sighing breeze.

His is the wish to ease the troubled breast,
 To chace the gloomy visions of despair ;
 To sooth the mind by tender griefs oppress'd,
 And blunt the arrows of corroding care.

His is the wish to tread the silent vale,
 Unhurt to see the nightly damps arise ;
 To mark the varied beauties of the dale
 That send their fragrant perfume to the skies.

By songs of mirth, and friendship's pleasing pow'r,
 The fleeting moments of man's life beguile ;
 Though surges roll, approaching tempests low'r,
 And nature frantic should reverse her smile!

But if his verse your thoughts at all engage,
 As through the vale with pensive steps you bend ;
 The bitter pangs of silent grief assuage,
 Or gay amusement with instruction blend.

When Hesper's lamp with glimm'ring lustre shines,
 Oft shall the bard to covert dells retire ;
 And as the day's refulgent beam declines,
 In ——'s praise attune the quiv'ring lyre!

THE ROSE.

JANUARY, 1804.

SOON, soon, alas! this fairest flow'r
Of the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Prest by time's relentless pow'r
Hails no more th' approaching dawn.

In a moment, though decaying,
All its roseate beauty fly,
Lovely still the scent retaining
It appears to ev'ry eye.

So the fair maid whom virtue guides
Through the checquer'd scenes of life,
Envy's venom'd shaft derides
Rais'd above the reach of strife.

FOR GOOD-FRIDAY,

1804.

AWAKE! awake my Muse! the solemn sounds,
And sweep in mournful strains the tuneful lyre,
From Salem's Hill the cry of death rebounds,
And shrieks of woe th' elegiac verse inspire.
Clad in refulgent arms a long array
Of Jews and Gentiles bend their rapid way :
Ah see! in secret ambush stand
To seize their destin'd prey, the band,
(A rage-infuriate train)
Who left the seat of bliss above,
(Such is the power of heavenly love)
A sacrifice for men!

Mark! mark the wide ensanguin'd plain,
 Destruction there and tumult reign,
 And envy black, with haggard eye,
 And jealousy for ever nigh;

By faction led, a direful conflict wage, [rage.

And on the Prince of Peace expend their frantic
 Blush! candour blush! o'er Sion's sacred ground

With threat'ning voice the tyrant man appears:
 There superstition's tainted steps are found
 Oppression there, her baneful banner rears.

In vain alas! devoid of guile,
 Does virtue wear her wonted smile,
 Or harmless innocence attend,
 And charity her graces lend!
 Around in order sternly wait
 The cruel ministers of fate:

His tender bosom feels the ruffian sword,
 In copious streams descends the purple tide,
 While Salem's daughters mock their suff'ring Lord,
 Revile his anguish, and his pain deride.
 Though the warlike trumpet's sound
 Shakes the vast creation round,

Not all the storms that rend the pole
Can e'er disturb his halcyon soul

Or smooth unalter'd brow;

For patience there presents her cheek

Resign'd to destiny, and meek

To meet the offer'd blow.

Astonish'd nature hears th' important groan;

For sins Messiah dies, and errors not his own.

Run to and fro, ye heralds run,

Proclaim aloud the awful day:

Redemption's glorious work is done

By Messiah's potent sway:

My task is done "the Saviour said,"

And meekly bow'd his dying head

To quit this mortal frame:

Ah see the Angel Spirit flies,

Now, now he mounts the starry skies,

Immanuel is his name.

Hark! he comes in clouds ascending,

Once for favour'd sinners slain;

And the heav'nly host attending

Swell the triumph of his train.

The hallowed mount her portal wide displays,
 And cheerful seraphs tune their sacred song:
 Exulting saints their pealing anthems raise,
 And sportive echo bears the praise along.
 Join nature all; let men aspiring rise
 In harpings high to him their homage pay,
 And with th' applauding chorus of the skies
 Hail his glad progress to the realms of day:
 To whom alone the high behest was giv'n
 From death mankind to save, and point the road to
 [heav'n.

FAREWEL TO PENTON.

APRIL, 1804.

PENTON farewell! farewell thou seat of bliss,
Blissful for me in vain; ye tow'ring hills
With waving pines o'erspread; ye laurel groves
Beneath whose secret shade their latest song
The wood-tribes raise; ye joy-resounding fields
A long farewell! no more to tread the maze
Of pleasure unconfin'd, or in the chace
To join exulting, or the lively dance,
Or by the murm'ring brook, in silent walk,
When with his blaze the bright-effulgent sun
The chequer'd twilight chases from the sky,
Observe the varied scenes of rural life;
Far hence I take my course: to hear no more
The sire deep-read in wisdom's sacred lore,

With social converse, humour ever gay,
And lively thought dispel the winter's gloom ;
While smiling babes around his neck entwin'd
In fond affection hang upon his lips,
And drink with open ears the orient beam
Of dawning science ; or the mother's love
Instructs her charge to turn the tuneful page,
And all the winning softness of the sex.
Thompson, adieu ! be mine the happy lot
To trace with steady zeal Britannia's laws,
And thus repay the anxious toils of life !

TO A LADY.

MAY, 1804.

IN manners gentle, in address refin'd,
With softest female tenderness combin'd;
Her's is the mien, that charms with easy grace,
The converse sweet, the mind-illumin'd face,
The worth that shuns the specious aid of art,
The voice that soothes, and renovates the heart.
Like flow'rets foster'd by the solar ray
That ope their blossoms to the spreading day;
Here smiling health on ev'ry feature plays,
Reflecting beauty to the raptur'd gaze;
Here calm content to innocence allied,
And meekness mild, fair virtue's surest guide;
The youthful breast with sweet discretion share,
And heav'n-descended cheerfulness is there.

As when through ether darts the grey-ey'd dawn,
And throws her gleam across the upland lawn,
Each beauteous object meets th' astonish'd sight,
That late lay hid beneath the shades of night.

When Charlotte comes, her fragrant lips disclose
The crimson lustre of the damask rose ;

The virgin lily with the snow-drop vies

To please the fancy, and allure the eyes ;

And nature's works with nature's gifts unite

To charm the senses, and create delight.

Still may her days in noiseless tenour glide

Down the gay stream of life's uncertain tide ;

No frowns of fate her tender breast assail,

Or bleak misfortune blow with ruffian gale ;

Still on her steps protecting saints attend

And guard the daughter, as they love the friend.

TO THE SAME.

MAY, 1804.

LONG, long, the fairest of the youthful train
Had Graham traced the dance's mazy round;
And Chambers, conscious of her favour'd reign,
Exulting hail'd the viol's cheerful sound ;
When Charlotte came, a matchless maid,
In all her native charms array'd,
The Graces smiling at her side,
In bloom of youth, and beauty's pride :
With quicken'd glance the circle view
As o'er the lawn her steps she drew,
And lost in rapture and amaze,
E'en envy lifts the song of praise :
The song of praise through ether flies,
And busy murmurs rend the skies,
Now heard in softer whispers near,
By echo wafted to the car ;

Lo! Graham cede the palm, and Chambers yield
The verdant honours of the well-won field.
So when bright Cynthia, at the close of day,
Through heav'n's blue concave darts her silver ray,
The planets cease to rule with paler light,
And hide their heads eclips'd in endless night.

THE LAUREAT VOLUNTEER.

JUNE 4, 1804.

HARK! heard ye not the cheerful cry,
Re-echoed by the trump of fame,
That rent with many a peal the sky,
Britannia's heav'n-born King proclaim?
E'en now, e'en now, from Ocean's cavern'd shore
The murn'ring billows hoarse applauses roar,
Exulting isles symphonious voices raise
To sing his triumph, and record his praise;
From hill to vale the gathering shouts rebound,
And Gallic warriors tremble at the sound.

While scenes of mirth and festive joy
Britannia's gen'rous race employ,
Wake, wake, my Muse, and winged with fire,
To loftier strains attune the votive lyre;

For him thy choicest garlands wreath,
 And balmy gales of incense breathe
 To him, the Monarch, whose paternal sway
 Glad Britain owns, and India's realms obey.

Oh thou! whose wisdom ever guides,
 And prudence o'er the state presides,
 Whose presence cheers, and mercy's ray
 Dispels the gloom of doubtful day;
 With gay content and freedom blest,
 Thy subject no oppression knows;
 And labour leads to tranquil rest,

And commerce unrestrained flows:
 Not such their fate, who basely kneel
 In silent homage to the Corsic steel;
 Whose ruffian hand, nor doubts to spoil,
 The merchant's wealth, the peasant's toil;
 Whose dread commands but slaves obey,
 And desolation marks his way:
 See Gaul her frantic myriads pour,
 With fleets the sea is covered o'er,
 And vengeance mounts her fiery car
 To wake the noisy din of war,

While mad ambition leads the proud array,
Impatient envy stalks, and hopes an ampler prey;
Apostate chief! thy effort's vain
O'er England's happier isle to reign:
Methinks I hear the fun'ral cry,
The hostile hosts disordered fly,
Victorious Albion's troops advance
To crush the powers of haughty France,
And haste in freedom's cause to prove
The patriot's zeal, the subject's love:
Go seek the spectre Guilt's abode,
The desert heath, the cavern'd road;
While darkness pours her deepest night,
And raven clouds repel the light,
Nor vainly dream, that fear can bind
The firm, the free, determin'd mind.
Should Britain's sons by furious slaughter fall,
And steamy carnage stain the tott'ring wall;
Should Gallic might o'erwhelm her rocky shore,
And crimson fields be drunk with streaming gore;
In Albion's cause were Albion's chieftains slain,
So late victorious in th' Egyptian plain,

Still beardless boys the onward fight would wage,
And youthful ardour nerve the arm of age :
To shield their King, a martial pride assume,
The death-fraught faulchion, and the crested plume,
Till George triumphant rear'd the regal throne,
And foes confest the prize of conquest won.
And thou, Jehovah! heav'n's eternal Lord,
For mercy lov'd, beneficence ador'd,
To Britain's prayer a fav'ring ear incline,
And save from death our Sov'reign's noble line:
From foul revenge, and lawless might defend
The country's guardian, and the people's friend;
On him thy best, thy choicest blessings pour,
And lively cheer, and vig'rous health restore:
So when his day is past, his course is run,
And life's last thread in useful labour's spun,
His setting sun may radiant glories spread,
And pour reflected light on Britain's sorrowing head.

TO A LADY.

ON OBTAINING A MEDAL FROM THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, &c.

 JUNE, 1804.

LET Raphael's art applauding worlds admire
 A Titian's softness, and a Reuben's fire;
 With rapture hail, by Reynold's hand pourtray'd,
 The temper'd harmony of light and shade;
 This favour'd isle still boasts a Grindall's name,
 To swell the annals of her country's fame.
 Behold the maid her pencil's aid employ
 To trace the features of the Saviour boy;
 With sudden life the naked canvass glows
 A parent's fondness, and a mother's woes:
 From noon-day night the artist's skill to save,
 And rescue merit from oblivion's grave;
 Lo Norfolk stands! in Britain's cause repays
 A grateful tribute of deserved praise!

TO INNOCENCE.

ADDRESSED TO THE SAME.

JUNE, 1804.

SWEET Innocence! whose milder sway
E'en Ocean's farthest isles obey;
Beneath whose silent moss-grown cell
For ever peace, and virtue dwell;
Where Hyacinth's eternal bloom
And zephyrs waft a rich perfume;
Ah! lead me to thy hallow'd shrine,
And make thy pleasures ever mine!
Methinks I see the goddess fair,
With buskin'd leg and flowing hair,
'Mid forests dark, or allies green,
Or verdant meads, a busy scene,

With modesty that looks behind,
And blushes at the rustling wind;
Diffusing health, and bliss around,
While airs ecstatic swell the sound,
Or through the vale sequester'd stray,
And brush the morning dew away.
Now by the mountain's hoary side,
Where woodbines grow in vernal pride,
And lifted on her craggy throne,
Majestic nature sits alone,
Retiring to the close retreat
To shun the fervor of the heat;
With fawns, and dryads there resort,
And keep Arcadia's festive court,
While nut-brown nymphs the chorus lead,
Light-tripping through the yellow mead,
And every hill, and every grove
Re-echoes to the voice of love.
Oh source of comfort, joy, and fame,
Through life's perplexing maze the same,
When flow'ry wreaths of spring appear,
Or summer wakes the vernal year,

Or autumn spreads her golden store,
Or winter's billowy tempests roar,
Thy gracious influence impart,
And fix thy temple near my heart;
Be thou my guide, auspicious guest,
And rule triumphant in my breast.

TO CONTENT.

ADDRESSED TO THE SAME.

JUNE, 1804.

MEEK nature's child, auspicious maid,
With thee to roam the silent glade;
Through flow'ry paths of pleasure stray,
While balmy health adorns the way,
Were better far than tinsell'd toys,
Ambition's vain delusive joys;
Where envy's venom'd shafts prepare
To heap the busy shrine of care,
And ruin, and destruction lies
Conceal'd beneath the dazzling prize.
Oh thou whose soft resistless pow'r
Can sooth misfortune's gloomy hour,
To whom propitious fates decreed
A brighter far, a nobler mead;

When morn his purple wreath renews
With fragrance moist and pearly dews,
Or evening comes in sober grey
To Philomela's parting lay,
Let me thy solemn accents hear,
Soft whisper'd to th' enraptur'd ear,
Whether my wand'ring footsteps stray
Through groves impervious to the day;
Or where the flow'ry fields disclose
The varied beauties of the rose;
Or by the hill, the stream along,
Re-echoing with the shepherd's song.
In spring, in summer's ardent rage,
Or autumn mellowing into age,
Or when collected winter shows
A dreary barren waste of snows,
Guide me to thy sequester'd cell
Wherein the modest virtues dwell;
And in thy philosophic train
Sweet innocence appears to reign;
To live in hope, in pleasure free,
And I will yield my heart to thee.

THE DROOPING VIOLET.

TO THE SAME.

JUNE, 1804.

WHY droops the violet late so gay,
The pride of May's fantastic train?
Her balmy sweets are flown away,
Her fragrance lost, her beauty's vain!

No more the plant with vigour glows,
Cheer'd by the sun's enliv'ning ray;
Rude Boreas comes to nip the rose,
And Flora's fairest tribes decay.

Not such, when youth's delicious bloom
In Charlotte's beauteous form shall fade;
Not such be thy ungentle doom,
Quick-sinking to oblivion's shade.

Rear'd by a mother's fost'ring care,
In thee the rays of virtue shine,
And honour dwells an inmate there,
A brighter gem than gilds the mine.

These, these, the power of time defy,
Of change unconscious or decay;
Surviving erst, and only die
To bloom in everlasting day.

TO THE SAME.

JUNE, 1804.

WHEN summer's radiant joys are fled,
And winter rears his stormy head,
As o'er the gloom-reflecting deep
With furious roar the whirlwinds sweep,
And clouds on clouds confused thrown,
Bear darkness on her murky throne,
Hush'd is the Stockdove's tender tale,
Soft echoing in the woody vale;
No more the Lark, with rapid flight,
Hails the glad beam of orient light,
As o'er old Avon's pebbly bed
The forest heaves its snowy head.

Let but the smiling spring appear,
And zephyr lead the vernal year,
As Phœbus' tints of various dye
Burst from the gold-illumin'd sky,
And the landscape opening fair,
Invites to breathe ambrosial air ;
Again the leafy groves rejoice
With the woodland songsters noise ;
And dryads whisper to the gale
Along the violet-scented dale ;
As floating down the azure tide
The swan displays his snowy pride,
All nature rises to the sight
In circling robes of roses bright.
So, would my C—— hither come,
Through Don's meand'ring fields to roam,
Though now no more the festive hall
Re-echoes with the midnight ball ;
No more the mirth inspiring tale
The concert, or the dance prevail ;
Gay hope, that lights the fairy train,
Shall pour the soul-transporting strain,

The Graces weave th' Elysian bower
For pleasure's rosy-featur'd hour,
The Muses early incense bring,
And winter seem a second spring.

WRITTEN ON A MOON-LIGHT NIGHT.

JUNE, 1804.

MARK'D you yon moon, adown the southern sky
Majestic, slow, triumphantly serene?
Hush'd is the wind, and hush'd the busy sound
Of murm'ring tempests, o'er the broad expanse
Of pure cerulean, as she tow'rs sublime!
Though for a moment by the passing cloud
Is dim'd the lustre of this orb of night,
Soon brighter streams the gleam reflected far
Of silver radiance, and the lucid flood
Shines nature through in one unbounded blaze.
So are the good, the virtuous, and the just;
By them unheeded are the storms of fate,
Each passion still'd by reason's soft controul;
Each wish is laid, and warring lust repress.

Awhile misfortune clouds the joyous scene,
And whelms the prospect of their brighter day;
Yet heav'n-born hope, that solace of the mind,
Surviving still, from bad deducing good,
Cheers their faint spirit: soon the gales disperse
That bear misfortune's train; their sun resumes
His wonted splendour, and a calm succeeds,
And honour's voice, while in the eve of life,
Serenely set, shall crown with lasting bays
Their brows victorious.

TO THE SISTERS.

JUNE, 1804.

YE matchless pair! the Muse's pride,
Who oft has tun'd the votive lay,
By Thames' flower-embroider'd side
If e'er your careless footsteps stray;

Or aught the power of verse avail,
That flows in easy strain along;
Ah! deign to hear a simple tale,
And listen to my artless song.

As through the vale I seem'd to rove,
The ev'ning smil'd serenely gay,
And Cynthia through the silent grove
Succeeded to the God of day;

When darting from the realms of light,
 In nature's freshest bloom array'd,
 Hygeia, parent of delight,
 To me her fairy form display'd.

And as she wav'd her golden hair,
 To Grindall's ear my message bear,
 The Goddess sweetly cried:
 Soon playful echo heard the sound,
 The hill, the dale, the rock around,
 Remurm'ring thus replied :

While yet the sun's meridian ray
 Through Cancer speeds his rapid way,
 (Too swift the moment flies)
 And from the dew-besprinkled lawn
 To meet the mild, auspicious dawn,
 The woodland hymns arise.

Can London boast so fair a train
 As that which now adorns the plain,
 The seat of temp'rate joy;
 Where in the length'ning meads around,
 Nor envy, nor ambition's found,
 Nor cares that life annoy ?

Far hence, ah! would the fair descend,
 And, guided by the earnest friend,
 To Buxton's seat repair;
 From sorrow free, at ease reclin'd,
 To charm with pleasures new the mind,
 And breathe a purer air.

While health her roseate mantle throws,
 Shall zephyr sooth to soft repose,
 A form that ne'er should die;
 And by Hygeia's potent sway
 The shafts of sickness fade away,
 And in disorder fly.

While Flora there, profuse and gay,
 Spreads to the mild, inviting ray,
 A wilderness of flow'rs;
 The crocus gem'd with pearly dew,
 And violet of richest hue,
 To cheer the ev'ning hours.

Pomona too, with liberal hand,
 Shall haste her earliest wreathes to bring;
 And scatter plenty o'er the land,
 The incense of the breathing spring.

And mirth that trips on nimble feet
Shall frame a gay, fantastic round,
And pleasure quit her jovial seat
To dance upon the daisied ground.

TO THE SAME.

 JUNE, 1804.

WHY sinks my fair to grief a prey?

What cares distract her aching breast?

Ah! chace the gloomy fiends away,

And sooth thy troubled thoughts to rest.

Why hope for pleasure on the morrow?

Too swift the meteor-moment flies,

Succeeded by the shades of sorrow,

And black misfortune's frowning skies?

See festive mirth her banner bear,

And wave its glittering folds around;

A livelier hue the meadows wear,

And nature greets the cheerful sound.

E'en now along the peopled plain
The soul-exerting courser flies,
And seems to spurn a tyrant's chain,
Impatient for the well-earn'd prize.

Soon will the busy scene be o'er,
And life's delusive dream be past;
And beauty's self will charm no more
When comes the winter's surly blast.

Ere then the pride of youth decay,
Or age extend its snowy power;
In pleasure trifle time away,
And gaily lead the circling hour.

ON THE SAME.

JUNE, 1804.

MARK'D you, as o'er th' ethereal way,
Sails the roseate blush of day,
And night, the sable Queen, retires
From fair Aurora's purple fires;
How gay the landscape round appears,
Where daisies steeped in dewy tears,
With pinks their perfum'd sweets exhale,
And breathe new life in every gale?
Or, where in vernal pride array'd,
The beech affords a cooling shade,
Pomona leads the rustic throng,
The gold-bespangled mead along;

Or, by the green-embroidered stream,
Reflecting Cynthia's silver beam,
Where Maia twines her checquered bower,
In mystic dance prolong the hour.
While in the still sequester'd dale
Harmonious swell the sighing gale,
The lute, the viol's mellow strain,
And sink, and rise, and sink again—
How faint the joy that these impart,
How faint their power to sooth the heart,
Compared with C——'s gentle mien,
Fairer than beauty's blooming Queen,
Where aye she sits in myrtle bound,
And wanton cupids hovering round;
Before her throne unnumber'd rise
The little loves in playful guise,
And wafting incense o'er the plain,
The sedge-crowned sisters of the main,
While in their rainbow robes appear,
The parents of the circling year.
Here enraptured let me gaze
On lips that mock the ruby's blaze;

Enraptur'd hear th' enlighten'd mind,
By modest excellence refin'd;
Here with the Muse secluded dwell,
And bid each worldly care farewell.

AN ODE

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

1805.

SHALL Mars insatiate grasp the spear,
And naught the mother's sigh avail;
No helpless orphan's falling tear
To stop ambition's mad career,
No heart-consuming widow's wail?
And shall Bellona ceaseless glide
In slaughter's gore-impurpled tide,
While onward hurls her iron car
Erinnys fury of the war;
And vengeance bears his ruby crest
With death in gorgon terrors drest,
And discord waves her torch around
In flaming eddies o'er the ground;

While fear-fraught flight unfolds his hideous form,
And wild despair directs the whirlwind of the storm.

Ah no! in yonder pregnant sky

Behold a brighter scene display'd,

Where white-rob'd peace, and concord lie

Reclin'd beneath the olive shade—

E'en now, as through the liquid air

Her car triumphant turtles bear,

Veil'd in a shroud of heavenly blue

In braided dance her flight pursue,

Pity, whose soft persuasive strain

Can smooth the gloomy brow of pain,

And friendship, gentle power, design'd }

Affliction's secret wounds to bind :

While in her radiant train appear

The elfin band that gild the year ;

And commerce, on her throne sublime,

Arrests the rapid flight of time ;

And from her hands, ethereal mould,

Weep amber, precious gems, and gold ;

While labour, rising with the morn,

Hails genial plenty's crowded horn—

Haste then thou sphere-descended maid,

And concord, sister Queen, attend;

Thy woof of silken sheen array'd

With peace, thy kinder influence blend.

And while the din of war alarms,

And steels each murd'rous foe in arms,

From Gallia's hoarse resounding shore

The thund'ring torrents distant roar;

Here on thy green-hair'd western isle

To wave thy myrtle wand, and smile;

Each passion's boist'rous rage controul,

And whelm in bliss the weary soul.

AGRIPPINA GERMANICUM LUGET.

1805.

NUNCIA Romuleam jam fama volaverat urbem,
Pacem animo fractos belli exorâsse Sicambros,
Victricesque manus mediam properare per undam,
Ausonios niveis portusque albescere velis:
Læti omnes socios tutò celebrare redactos,
Quîs grave Martis opus, ferrum ac hostile pepercet,
Laureaserta parant, festis instructa triumphis,
Littoraque ingenti plausu reboantia cingunt.
Ipsa inter pueros graditur Germanica conjux
Exceptura virum; quæ dura fefellit amantem
Fortuna! humanis quæ sit fiducia rebus.
Ah! visu infelix, longâ procedit arenâ

Lugentûm glomerata cohors; interque solennes
 Auletum cantus supremo effertur honori
 Corpus inane ducis: gelidæ sic impete brumæ
 Purpureus languet violæ color, aut hyacinthi,
 Qualem aquilo abripuit Boreali turbine formam.
 Hæc simul aspexit, furiis agitata per omnem
 Fæmina bacchari cœtum; graviterque laborans,
 Nescia quid faciat, nunc hic, nunc fletibus illic
 Irruere, inque auras miseros effundere planctus:
 Donec anhela metu, curisque oppressa, procumbens
 Sponsale in feretrum, demptos suspirat amores:

Ah thalami conjux; ah spēs mihi sola senectæ,

Carius in terris si modò nomen adest;

Victima Teutonicis infandum abrepta sagittis:

Quæ tibi Roma feret? Quæ tibi noster amor?

Tene juvat rabidas dextrâ pepulisse phalanges

Arminii, atroces et domuisse minas?

Tene aut regificis busta exumbrata trophæis

Funerei pompas condecorare rogi?

Ah! si laudis honos, animi si vivida virtus,

In patriam pietas, intemerata fides;

Si procerumve dolor, populi studiumve valeret

Tardare Atropicæ ferrea tela Deæ;

Salvus adhuc! vitam non tu, miserande, dedisses,
 Extinctum gemeret nec tua Roma ducem.
 Vos genus ignavum! vos plumbea corda gerentes,
 Vos comites belli Germanicique cohors;
 Vos equidem oppresso telis, mediosque per hostes
 Tentanti gladio, quod reperiret iter,
 Non piget ingrati non suppeditasse salutem,
 Et nullus talem deseruisse pudor?
 Ah peris! ipse peris! primævo in flore juventæ,
 Italiæque illic ultor inulte jaces!
 Mater, quæ raptos generis lacrymâris honores,
 Dilectum luges fœmina quæque virum;
 Et nati! patrias qui non deprendite curas
 Occisos quereris quæque puella procos,
 Unâ ferte pedem! mecum indulgete dolori:
 Vos vestra, et miseram me, mea fata monent;
 Tu quoque Germanicus, tecum periisse liceret
 Et vitam acclinis deposuisse sinu.
 Sedibus æthereis si nunc conviva, quiescas!
 Conviva heu superis invidiose choris:
 Agrippina vocat! fidos testêris amores,
 Et sua sub memori pectore vota refer,

Dum Zephyrus verno terras decorabit amictu,
Arida dum sitiens torreat arva canis;
Pampineâ ludat felix Autumnus in umbra,
Bruma redit niveis seu redimita comis;
Me flentem aspicient—nec quis solabitur ægram:
Mors mihi perfugium—spes mihi sola mori.

SUNT QUOS CURRICULO PULVEREM OLYMPICUM
COLLEGISSE JUVAT.————

1805.

ADVENA! si famæ stimulet generosa cupido,
Æmula si moveat pectora laudis amor,
Huc, precor, accedas agili certare palæstrâ
Nec ludos pudeat condecorare meos.
Non ego divitias, partum neque montibus aurum,
Otia nec vitæ desidiosa fero;
Sola lenet virtus nitidos victoris honores,
Et palmæ meritum florea vitta manet.
Sive juvet peditum rapido contendere cursu,
Extremum stadii primus inire locum;
Non tibi deficiet flavâ certator arenâ,
Innuba desideret neve Camilla parem.

Seu placet aurigæ potius tentare labores,

Ferventi metas et remeare rotâ;

Aspice! flexilibus juvenes incumbere frænis,

Carceribus missi prælia dura parant—

Quis timor, elatos quæ spes suspensa propellit,

Dum temo ignivomus fertur in orbe volans:

Verbera nunc torquent gravibusque accendere dictis,

Nebula nunc ademit pulverulenta fugam.

Sin crudo exoptas pugnam committere cæstu,

Ærisoni cæstûs multus amator adest;

Hæc tibi Lernæâ redeuns Tyrinthius Hydrâ,

Jactator nolens hæc tibi cessit Eryx;

Victor Eryx toties â te devictus abibat,

Drepanio cæsus procubuitque solo.

At dextram indomitam, longos luctæque labores

Testatur Lybicus se reperisse Gigas.

Neve tuam potuit prohibere, Antaëe, mortem

Neptunus Genitor, nec tibi terra parens,

Cum semel abreptum cælo suspendit ab alto

Alcides, animæ vique repressit iter.

Nec Martem puduit celeres vibrasse sagittas

Felici auspicio, seu petiisse scopum:

Elidis arcitenens palmam neque sprevit Apollo,
Nec Hermes, hominum nec tamen ipse Pater.
Si paribus proavos, hospes, dignabere factis,
Præmia nec oleæ rejicienda putas;
Huc, precor, accedas agili certare palestrâ
Nec ludos pudeat condecorare meos.

GAUDENTEM PATRIOS FINDERE SARCULO

AGROS. —————



CELADON, THYRSIS, AND ALEXIS.



ALEXIS.

VESPERIS occiduas Titan annunciat horas,
 Et juga purpureo fusa colore rubent:
 Pan redit, Oreades fessæ rediere puellæ,
 Mænaliusque parat claudere Faunus oves:
 Quid vetat iliceâ vires recreare sub umbrâ,
 Thyrsidis hospitium quisve subire pudor?
 Hora vacat Musis: Celadon prior incipe cantus,
 Atque meret laudes quas Galatæa feras:
 Celia me paribus, pulcherrima Celia, in ausis
 Adjuvet, et nostro carmine spiret amor:
 Accipiat Victor cælatiis pocula signis:
 En! tibi qui statuât præmia, Thyrsis adest!

THYRSIS.

Dulce quidem nemoris veteri recubare sub umbrâ,

Dum melos indoctum garrula fundit avis:

Vos tamen, O socii, magis auscultâsse juvabit—

Suavia sunt vestræ consona fila lyræ!

Ludite perque vices; monuit citharædus Apollo;

Aonii obsequitur filia quæque jugi.

CELADON.

Parturit ut varios redolens hyacinthus odores,

Cum novus ambrosio rore madescit ager;

Mollia vel virides ornant violaria campos,

Cum redit optati veris amœna dies;

Inter virgineas laté formosa choreas,

Nympha, Deæ similis, sic Galatæa nitet.

ALEXIS.

Pandere purpureum rosa delectetur honorem,

Reginæ Veneri sit sua digna comes:

Lilia candenti coret Zephyritis amictu,

Nec tamen invenies chæra puella parem:

Quæ rosa de labiis croceos simulare rubores?

Lilia quæ niveas intemerata genas?

CELADON.

Gaudeat auratâ dives Pactolus arenâ ;
 Parrhasus Arcadiæ pascua læta ferat ;
 Argos et abreptos Helenæ testetur amores,
 Perseos Andromeden, Penelopesque procos ;
 Præstat gramineâ Thamesis viridissima ripâ ;
 Virginibus Britonum gratia major inest.

ALEXIS.

Castalios fontes Phœbi soror alma frequentet,
 Idaliæ Charitum blanda caterva nemus :
 Mellifluâ genitrix segetum lætetur in Hyblâ,
 Florigeramque colat Cypria Dîva Paphon ;
 Celia festivis, modò Celia luceat agris,
 Tu Venus atque Ceres, tuque Diana vale !

CELADON.

Qualis brumali constrictam frigore terram
 Irrigui tepidat mitior aura noti ;
 Æstivo qualis sub sole argenteus imber,
 Cum nimio sitiens herba calore perit ;
 Talis amatori formæ, Galatæa, voluptas !
 Talem te Celadon sentiet æger opem !

ALEXIS.

Cum fessa assiduo cedit Natura labori,
 Ferrea sive dolor mittere tela parat,
Tu poteris animi tristem mulcere dolorem
 Celia! tu vires suppeditare novas!
Ah tecum vixisse juvat; quod si invida tecum
 Vivere fata negant, non dubitabo mori.

THYRSIS.

Desine, mi Celadon: fidus modò cesset Alexis:
 Judice me, palmâ dignus uterque pari:
Ah nimium felix tali placuisse puellæ!
 Ah nimium tali nympha beata proco!
At sedes intrate meas:—intrate, sodales,
 Et Laris exigui participate dapem.

ODE TO MEMORY.

1805.

SAY thou! whose power alone extends
O'er ruthless time's relentless sway;
With life begins, with being ends,
Coeval with th' empyreal day—
“When he, who call'd with man to birth”
The vaulted sky—the teeming earth,
From chaos form'd the starry spheres,
That mark the slow-revolving years;
The while yon sapphire throne among
Seraphic harps responsive rung,
And truth beneath th' ethereal cloud
Swept her magic lyre aloud, [gleam,
Through heav'n's blue azure burst the light'ning
And love refulgent shone, inwreath'd with “mercy's
[beam!”

Or if on yon sequester'd shore
 Where sung the fabling bards of yore,
 And science plum'd her eagle-crest
 In fancy's varying colours drest;
 If still your lingering footsteps dwell—
 Still press the land you lov'd so well,
 By Peneus' oak-embower'd side,
 Or fam'd Ilyssus' silver tide,
 Beneath whose sacred shade retired,
 By thee, immortal maid, inspired,
 The Sminthean Prince, to fate resign'd,
 Soothed the sad anguish of his sorrowing mind;
 The plaintive lute that breath'd the tender tale
 Won from the fairy elves the listening ear;
 Grim-visaged night withdrew her gloomy veil,
 And Cynthia dropt the sympathetic tear:
 The fountain stream with osiers crown'd,
 Pleas'd with the soul-enchanting sound,
 Had ceased awhile to play;
 By music's trilling notes beguiled,
 The river God sat up and smiled,
 In softer murmurs wept—and died away.

Say, shall the Muse thy mine's exhaustless store,
 Rich with reflection's treasur'd spoils rehearse—
 With thee the humble scenes of youth explore,
 To swell the labours of an humbler verse;
 Where the light heart in careless childhood ran,
 Ere graver toils had claim'd the ripening man:
 Or in thy mimic train declare
 The shadowy tribes that hover there,
 Thoughts that kindling raptures move,
 Or melt with pity's milder love,
 Where grief in sable stole is seen,
 And giant fear's terrific mien,
 Stretch'd on the rude cliff's dizzy steep,
 Is rock'd by warring winds to sleep.
 When Laura fell—so fades the flow'ret's bloom,
 Bright in the morn, and flourishing as fair,
 And sinks unheeded to the early tomb,
 Ere evening sleeps upon the silent air—
 Thou Memory! bending o'er her cypress'd urn,
 The living feature haply taught to trace,
 To fancy's eye renew'd would'st oft return
 What once was beauty, innocence, and grace:

Here as he mourn'd at midnight's awful hour,
 Here as he wept upon the mouldering bier,
 Though mute, thy voice the secret balm would pour,
 And breathe of comfort in her Petrarch's ear.
 Trickling down the cheek of woe
 The trembling tear forgot to flow,
 O'er his love-lorn soul
 A softer sorrow stole,
 The heaving sigh was hush'd to rest,
 And calm'd the troubled breast.
 And shall not Penton claim the pow'r to charm,
 The seat of bliss, and source of temp'rate joy;
 Where hope illusive mocks not to alarm,
 Nor guilty pleasures lure but to destroy.
 Yet must I bid these fields farewell,
 These groves that gaily meet the view;
 Fate, envious fate, has rung the knell—
 Dear fields and groves, a long adieu!
 Still shall remembrance love to find
 The spot where youth had once reclin'd
 The garden range, the laurell'd round,
 The hill with oaken trophies crown'd,

Where, evening's shadowy car withdrawn,
 We lightly trip'd it on the lawn,
 Hied with the sister pair to roam the vale,
 Their minds the seat of elegance and ease,
 Sweet as the perfume of the scented gale,
 Soft as the sighings of the vernal breeze:
 So when the yellow streaks proclaim the morn,
 At first faint-glimm'ring glows the purple ray,
 Through heav'n's high arch, in rich effulgence borne,
 Then opes the prospect in a flood of day—
 Heard Ansty's playful Muse inspire
 Heart-easing mirth, and young desire,
 Where wit her magic wand reveal'd,
 In gothic night so long conceal'd,
 Chaste as the sounds the bard of yore
 Drew from persuasion's honied store,
 When hell his blackest cave unfurl'd,
 And erst in hissing horror hurl'd
 Alecto's snaky crest;
 Aloft in air the vocal tide
 From harpy hands regain'd the bride,
 And smooth'd e'en Pluto's breast.

Cease the fond strain—can mortal ken declare
Each floating insect in the solar beam;
Trace, as she wantons in her wide career,
The moon's pale ringlets quiv'ring on the stream?
Though down the steep the thundering torrents roar,
Whelm the light bark that glides along the shore;
To summer suns autumnal gloom succeed,
Or icy winter strip the flow'ry mead;
Still, Memory, thou! at Thomson's shrine shalt bring
The freshest wreaths of ever-blooming spring!



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